

C O R A D D I

HMM,
LET'S SEE..

Spring '82

The Magazine of the





Arts at UNC-G Spring '82

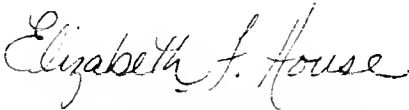


C O R A D D I

Once again, *Coraddi* is pleased to present a selection of student literary and art work to the UNC-G community. And once again, this presentation could not have been possible without the hard work and support of a great many people. To all those who contributed their time, effort, money, thought and creations—thank you.

I would like to give special thanks to the judges for the *Coraddi* Spring Arts Contest, Susan DeVaney (literary) and Cynthia Ference (art). Ms. DeVaney teaches creative writing at Guilford Technical Institute and is Director of the Greensboro Group, which recently published *Writer's Choice*, an anthology of North Carolina poets and fiction writers. Ms. Ference is the Director of Green Hill Art Gallery, and has previously served as a judge for the *Coraddi*.

It has been an interesting year, to say the least. But after six years at UNC-G and four years on the *Coraddi* staff, it is now time to say farewell. I leave with the knowledge that *Coraddi* plans to broaden its scope and expand its coverage to include dance, music, film, theater and design, as well as art and literature. But this cannot happen without additional help from students, faculty and staff. Please continue to give *Coraddi* your full support. Thank you—and goodbye.



Elizabeth F. House

DEDICATION

To the 1981-82 UNC-Greensboro women's basketball team and their coaches, Lynne Agee and Susan Highfill—a group of dedicated and talented young women who reached the pinnacle in their own special art.

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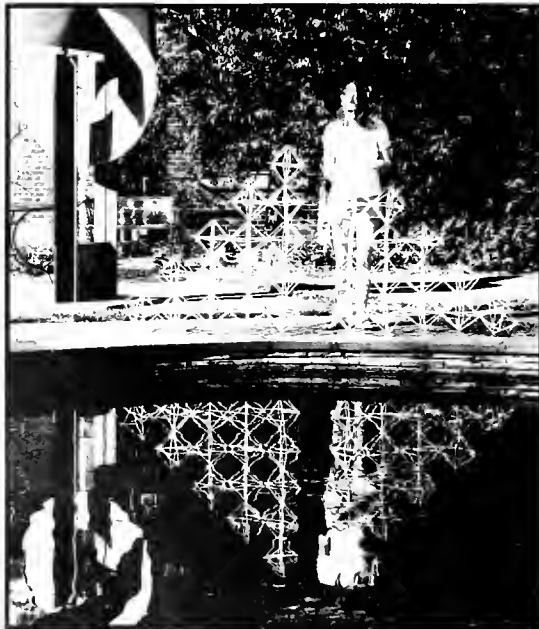
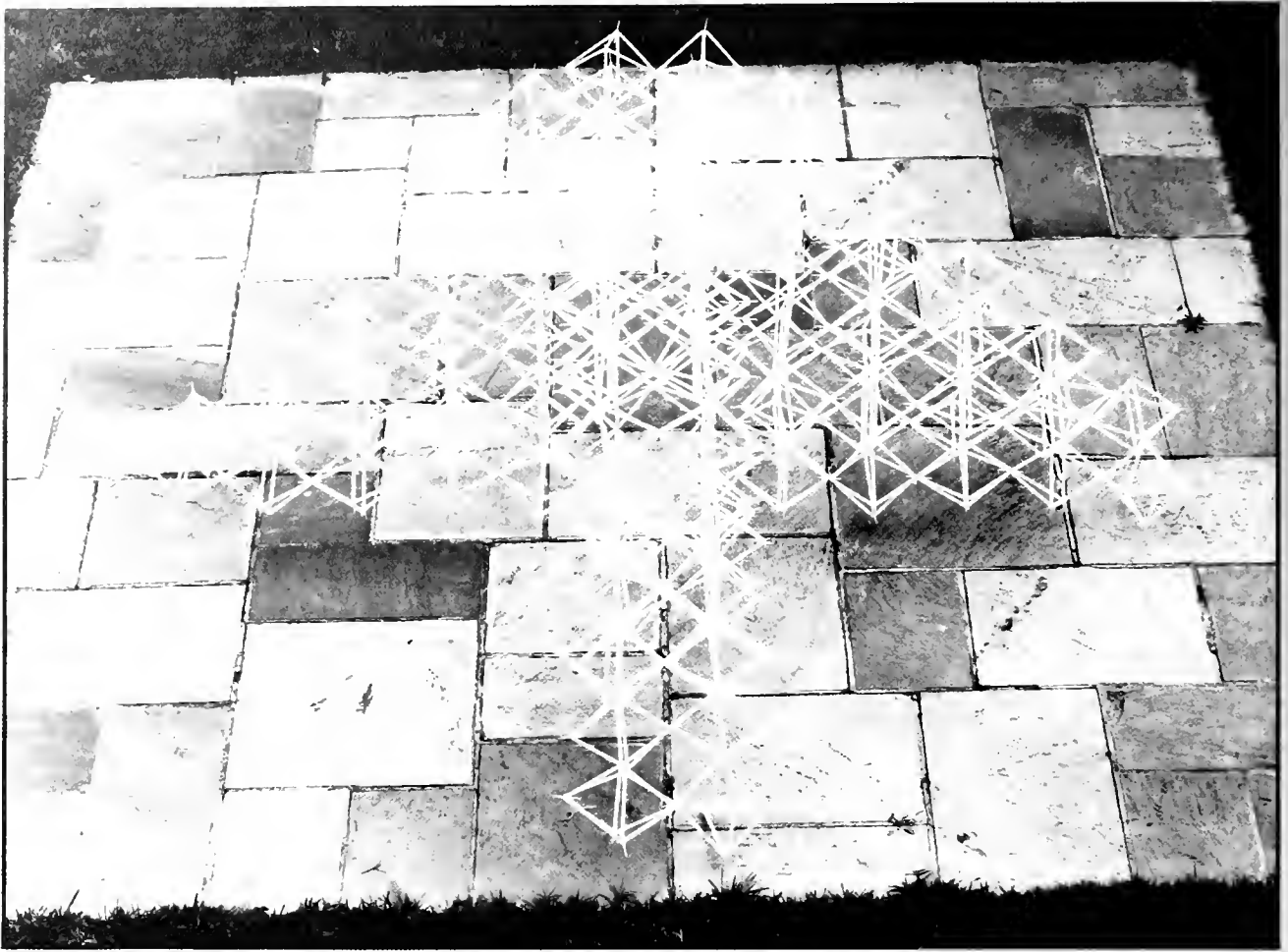
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THE HOLE

Joe Gainer

He held each handful of soil as if it were colorful jewels, his face splattered with sweat and mud, the imprint of his hand marking the front of his tee shirt. Our mother called from the backyard stairs, "What are you boys doing out there?" "Digging a hole," we called in unison back to her.

"Oh," she said and walked back in the kitchen.

At the end of our family vegetable garden, my brother and I dug our hole. The rhubarb surrounded us as we worked diligently on our self-imposed task, wrestling with the roots and rocks that we unearthed. We loved the earth on our bodies and the cool moistness of the dirt as we dug deeper. Our shovels clanged against stones as large as helmets, and we knelt on the ground and loosened the stones by digging under them with our hands. We pulled at roots and chopped at them with the blade of the shovel. Our hole took the shape of a cow lying down.

The sun grew warmer and I rested a moment on my back and imagined the rhubarb to be the palm trees of another world, a marvelous green waterfall for the insects and earthworms disrupted by our digging. How frantic they all seemed to me. My brother held up the severed end of a worm squiggling across his palm. "Look," he said, "it's guts." Both were more impressed by guts than living things. My brother slid the

worm into my hand, and I felt its stickiness in my fingers. I buried it under a rhubarb leaf.

A girl in a yellow dress rode her bicycle across the street towards us. "You can't get near here," I shouted and leaped in the hole and began digging fervently again.

"What are you doing?" she asked. "Working," said my brother who continued digging as if he were a soldier engaged in the bravest moment of battle.

"You're dirty."

My brother stopped and spit on the dirt pile at the side of the hole. "So what?" He looked at the girl with the greatest disdain he could muster. "You better go home," he said, and the girl obeyed him, looking back at us as she rode away.

We worked silently for some time, impressed with the importance of our labor. I heard a bicycle bell ringing and I imagined that the girl had called the other children to her front porch. They had gathered now and were speaking of the work my brother and I were doing. They would see us as great subterranean explorers, and I imagined the tunnels my brother and I were going to build under the town, the network of underground routes that would be established, that would protect the citizens from rain and

snow and would serve as an underground military base when we were attacked by the Russians. My brother and I would be the ones who would maintain the tunnels, repairing what needed to be repaired after school, and extending the tunnels to every neighborhood. Certainly, the principal of the elementary school would call us in front at the convocation for the students and teachers to cheer us. Yes, the children had gathered across the street and were watching us as we toiled in the hole at the end of the garden. I stopped and looked out and wiped the lines of sweat from my forehead. I could not see the children standing on the porch across the street, but I heard again the bicycle bell ringing a few houses down, and I guessed that the girl in the yellow dress was still summoning them and they had not yet gathered.

As I looked up, I saw my mother walking towards us in her apron. I leaned down quickly and began digging again, giving my brother the brief warning, "She's coming." We dug earnestly as she watched holding two dixie cups of lemonade in her hand. "I brought you something to drink," she said.

"Thanks," we said, but we did not look up. She left the cups of lemonade sitting in the dirt and walked back to the kitchen. We thought maybe she would stop our work, but even she was awed by what her two sons were

doing, and she did not want to interrupt us. I felt her pride in us, and I looked forward to seeing her face when she saw the finished tunnels, all lit with lanterns beneath the town.

We stopped digging, climbed out on the two banks of soil piled around our hole, and drank the lemonade.

Finishing his, my brother crushed his cup in his fist and sprawled back to the earth looking up at the sky. I lay on my back beside him. "How far you think we'll get today?"

"I don't know 40 maybe 50 feet."

"How much more we got to go?"

"Far as we can get."

I felt lazy lying in the dirt. My brother held a strip of grass between his teeth and the dizzy gnats swam around his face. His eyes were closed, and he seemed very big to me on the ground, moving the grass from side to side in his mouth. I sat up and looked at the hole, which now seemed not big enough to hold my brother standing straight up. "How far you think we've gone?"

My brother sighed. "I don't know. We got a long ways to go yet."

"Yep."

I slipped down into the hole and sat down and looked up at my brother's feet hanging over the edge, and the clouds moving across the sky above them. I felt tired. I imagined my brother and me using the hole as our house. We would move our bedroom furniture into the hole and cook our food down there, and our parents would come to visit us, my father saying, "Nice place you built here boys." And we would build an extra hole for them and our family would live underground. We would be known as the underground family and the neighbors would admire and envy us.

My brother slid into the hole and began digging. I watched him sitting in the corner trying to dislodge a rock that was interfering with his progress. His hands scratched at the surface of the rock, and he scraped around the edge with his fingernails. The earth smelled sweet. I watched a worm wriggling through the edge of the hole like a small finger wagging at me. I felt tired and sleepy as I listened to my brother struggling with the rock. He sat beside me, and

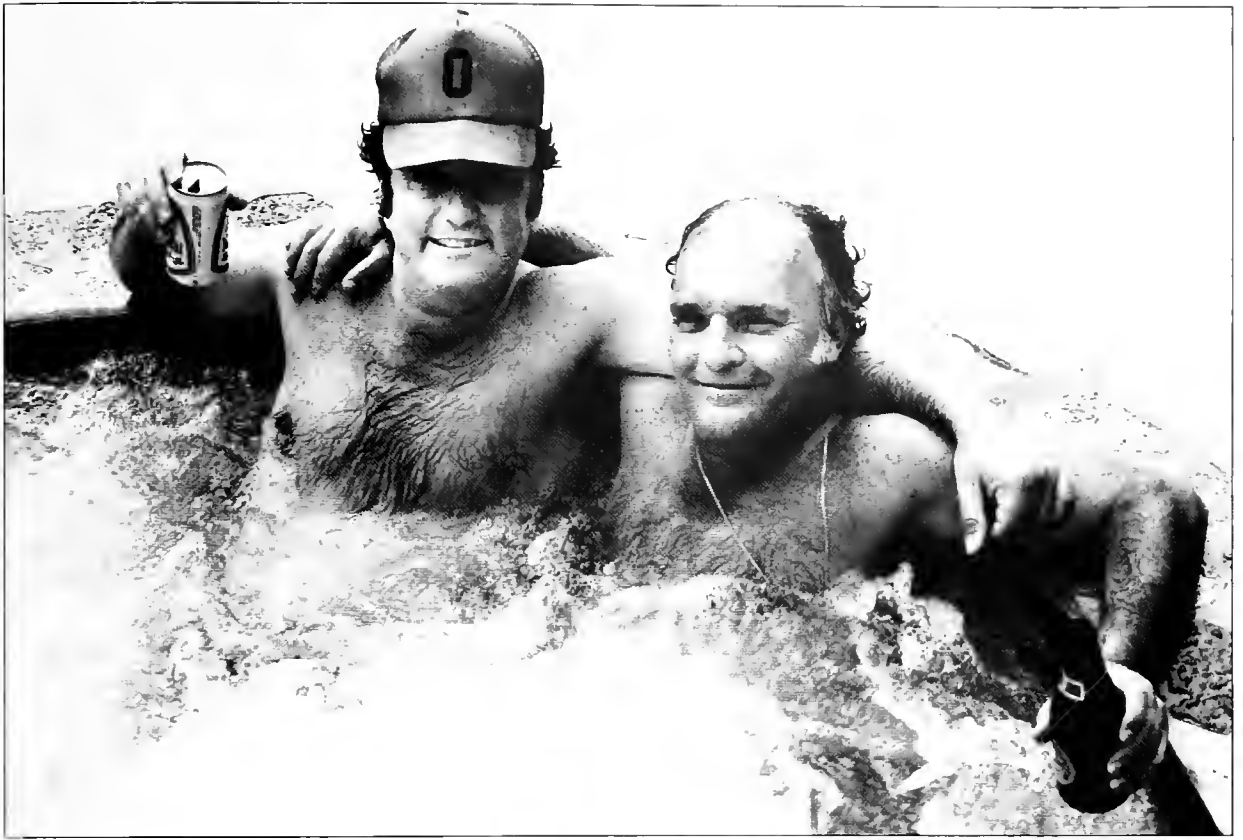
we both watched the clouds climbing over the hole. It was quiet down there, and we knew we were hidden from the world. "I like it here," he said.

We could hear the crickets around the edge of our hole beginning to make their sound, and the moon was glowing in the sky that was not even dark yet. The clouds floated like sleeping old men. It was quiet inside our hole. From the porch steps our mother called us for supper, and we allowed her to call and did not answer. The silence was peaceful as she waited for our voices. She appeared in her apron above us and asked us to come to the house and wash ourselves. As we walked inside leaving our hole at the garden behind us, we listened to the crickets becoming stronger, and saw the fireflies sparkling around our mother's head, and heard the distant ringing of the bicycle bell.

"How did you boys get so dirty?" our father asked, rattling the evening paper in his hands as he sat in his big chair.

"Digging a hole," we said.





Ghosts

This airless room in which I keep myself
as the warden of a prison--sole
occupant: me
crowds me although it is sunny.
But I can see the mountains through my window,
purple distance-ghosts,
And I can hear them crying for me--

"Coward, Coward," they lament,
"Come live with us, who miss you so,
Why do you stay inside a lonely room?"

Their apparition-voices haunt me
in my dreams and in my waking dream--
This room is not reality. Reality
lives in the mountains, along with its
sun-filled brethren: trees, deer, butterflies,
And other beings of the living outdoors.

They would help me breathe: the mountains--
My yellow skin would turn to glowing gold--
The mountains, they turn everything to gold--

And in my room I will always hear those ancient voices--
they and I--we are one in distance,
one in time, though never one in space.

And all that is real are ghosts,
And only ghosts are real.

Lisa Goldman



Walking the Beach

Walking on the sandy beach,
contemplating grievous thoughts
of a broken relationship;
I come upon an oval shaped stone
protruding like a big toe
through the encompassing
sand.

Snatching the stone out of its confinement,
I rub my fingers over the smooth surface
and turn it in my hand pensively;
being the only stone amidst the
expanse of gray sand I
wonder.

Transferring my heat to the stone and
its heat to me, I begin to feel
the weight of it in my hand.
I'm a solitary walker upon
the rim of the earth and
I carry a heavy burden of
faith.

Loping along the beach
I perceive two faintly shaped
figures with long hair and
bare skin; the stone becomes
hot like a burning
ember.

I toss the stone away into the
sea to fend for its own
faith; it strikes the salt
water with a
plop, and
steams,
and
sinks.

K. A. Fuqua



For My Grandmother—A Villanelle

My grandmother aged like old perfume
Or rose petals, dried up, past their prime.
Her scent flew before her into a room.

The auburn hair and green eyes of youth
Faded early---perhaps as an unseen sign
That grandmother would age like old perfume.

She seemed a bud that never was to bloom
Fragrant beauty frozen in a darkened bind.
And her scent flew before her into a room.

She wanted to age, yet feared the tomb.
She spent life clinging, a suffering vine.
So, my grandmother aged like old perfume.

All flowers must rest before they rebloom.
She had to die, to someday be revived.
I recall, her scent flew before her into a room.

She blossomed too early and faded too soon;
Like rose petals, dried up, past their prime.
My grandmother aged like old perfume.
Her scent flew before her into a room.

Catherine Nayder



Dissolution

Eleven nineteen
Pill traveling down the gullet
on the rapids of tap water
getting caught, briefly, in the accordion
folds of contractual, involuntary muscles.

O, husbandfriend!
I once swallowed you whole
and, without a sound, without a breath, I
sucked you into the deep crevices that
line my gut.
Pinched safely in my belly I held you
Motionless.
You possessed me as if
you were my unripe fetus.

Eleven fifty-three
The healing powers of the pill
released. Journey's end.
Rest travels in light years
numbing the limbs and gut.

And O, husbandfriend!
The healing process of Jonah has begun!
Labor contorts my body.
There is mucus, blood and water spilling out
Sterile towels touch my genitals and
cannot stop the flow.
Letting go.
Letting go.

Donna S. Murphy



Grand Prix de Cardboard

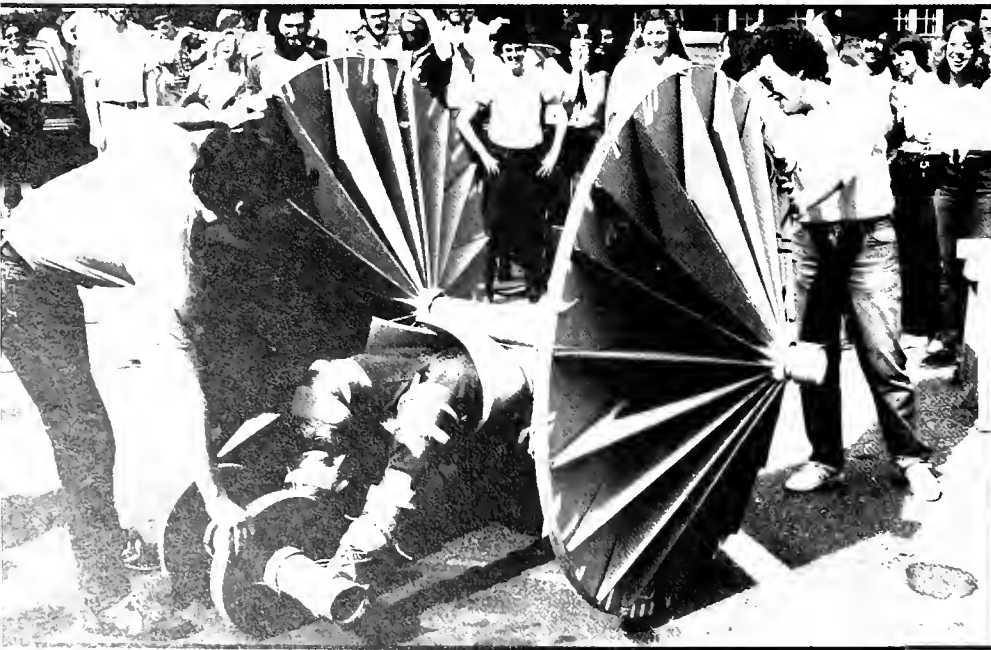


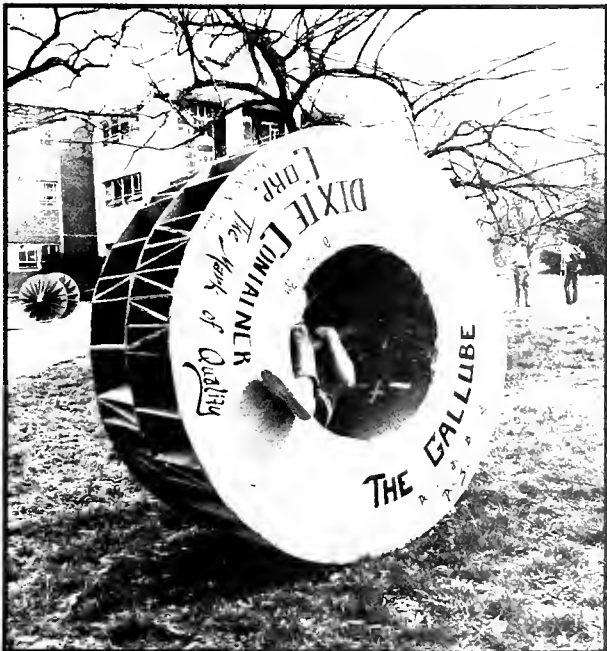
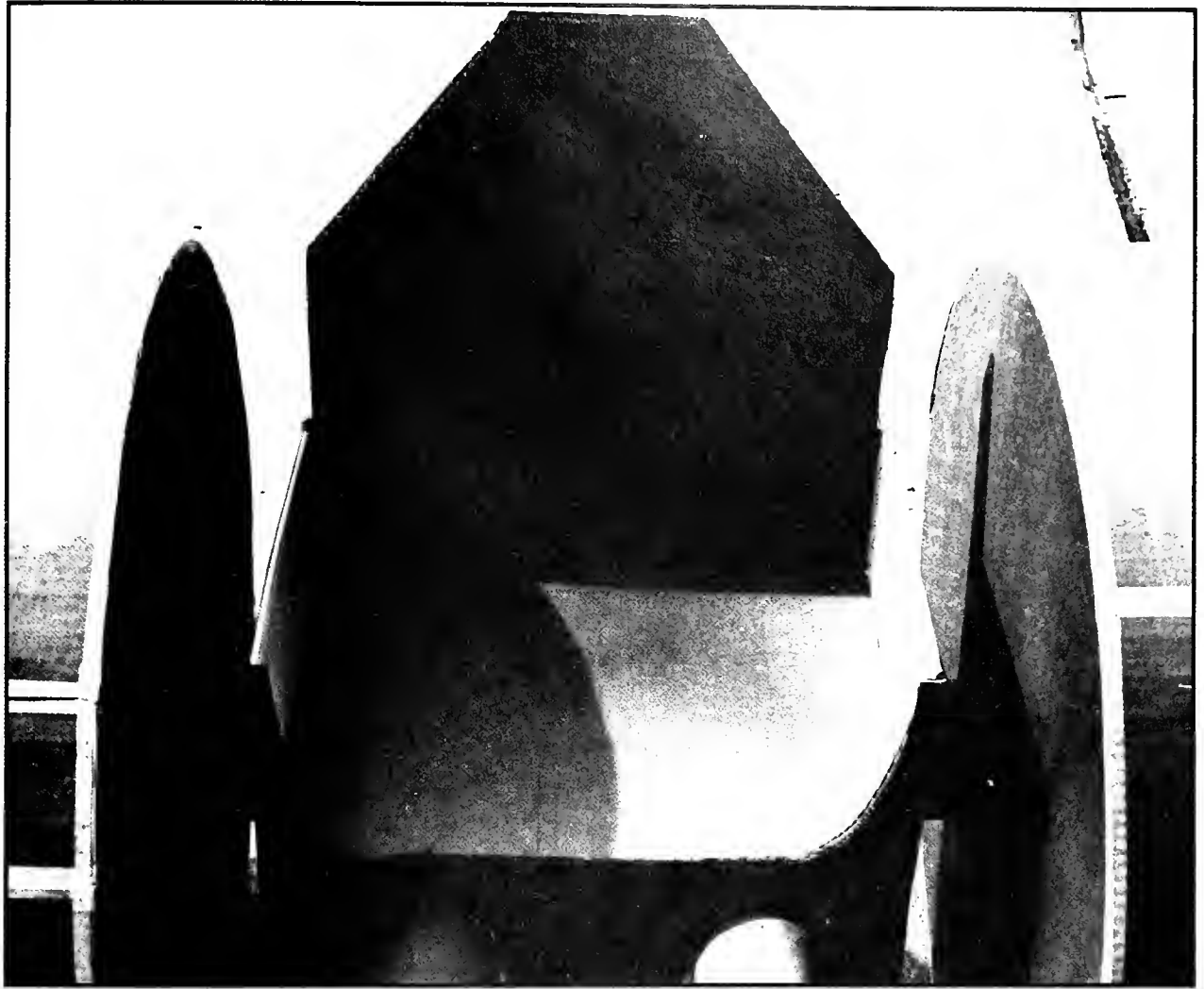
Photographs By

Kenton Robertson

Fred Pierce

Doren





I. Night

Rain waters city streets
night wind
shivers
in cold reptile armor.

We watch
the flash of lightning
with scalpel's precision
silhouetting darkness
defining the earth.

"For you," I say.

"It breaks the power of blackness," you say.

I talk and talk
until the new moon
rises over my car antenna.
I describe
growing old, cold,
words like leaves
in autumn wind.

Night is here
to stay we think
empty streets

for us to litter
with
an unsettled metaphysics.

We reach for shadows
cast in smoke.

I remember twelve years old
standing by a creek:
black dirt,
steep sides,
and deep in the still water
a snake with golden skin.
"Don't go in the water."
Now I think of snakes again.

You remember
in a hospital room
stroke twisted lips
puckered
a sour poisoned kiss
which part
clearing
like a suddenly unclogged drain.
You call it
The Sterile Hospital Shivers,
it sounds like death.

On the corner
we hear music
falling from brick buildings.
We talk as
morning comes
erasing the memory of night;
darkness forgotten like winter.

II. Day

Now
sounds of dial tones
broken words and
ringing phones
find me outdoors
cleaning kitchen windows
waiting
waiting for the interruption.

Your voice
safely held between my palms
crackles like bicycle spokes
spinning in an autumn wind.

You say
remember the night
of the moon shower
and how we both discovered
that blackness is not death.

*It's that time between two footsteps:
a thin line connecting two kinds of day.*



Victoria Bosch

Sallie Bo Andrews

Gorilla Woman

There's this guy with no legs
rocking slowly back and forth
on a blue skateboard
in front of a large red tent
and you can smell the polish sausages
and cotton candy and onions
in the breeze
And the crusty 'ole carny
with boils on his face
and a huge beer gut
calls her out
and she appears
from the flap of the tent
and steps up into
a metal cage on the platform
"See her foam at the mouth,
grow hair on her face,
and turn into a gorilla"
cries the carny
She's a young girl
chubby with blonde hair
and she keeps trying
to pull this skirt down
that looks like a burlap sack
and is too short
and her eyes look down
or nervously about
when she manages to raise her head at all
"Show starts in 5 minutes, step right up"
yells the carny...
As they open the cage
to lead her back into the tent
a woman hands me a pamphlet
on the ERA
and one on Abortion Rights
and I'm feeling sick to my stomach
as I move on
to the "Livestock Show"
next to the "Turkey Shoot"
Our State Fair is a great State Fair

Bruce Piephoff











T H E RAIN BEAR

William L. Campbell

“**T**he Rain Bear is no ordinary bear, see. He sleeps for twenty years at a time and then he wakes up in the spring of the twentieth year. It’s not always the twentieth year. Sometimes it’s the nineteenth or the twenty-first, or like he just crashes for ten. There’s nothing absolute about Rain Bears. Oh, didn’t I tell you? There’s more than one. Oh, yeah. About twenty. Usually only one wakes up each year, but if more than one wakes up there’s above average rainfall, and if none wakes there’s less rainfall than usual. The Rain Bear is real good for regular bears and other free, natural things ’cause when he brings the rain it swells the woodland streams and that means a lot of fish. And then the Rain Bears can stuff themselves so they won’t have to disturb their slumber again until they’re ready. Well, it’s not so good for the fish, that’s true. But the Rain Bears just do what comes naturally. It’s an old legend. Has its roots in an ancient Viking-Puerto Rican civilization.”

Luke, lying by the river on the spot where he and Maxine used to meet, remembered how she had liked that story. He’d told it to her almost two weeks before, as they had relaxed in

the grass, his head in her lap, there by the river. It was their last meeting and Luke recalled it as very nice, very *bittersweet*. It had been the last of their eleven month affair. Her boyfriend had come home from the University of Chapel Hill a few days later.

One day during Christmas when he knew Roger would be picking her up, Luke parked in front of Maxine’s house. He wore an old alpine hat and sat slouched behind the steering wheel of his battered Volkswagen bug, trying to decide if he felt more like James Bond or Mike Hammer in the Mickey Spillane book he’d borrowed from the library.

“Luke Hammer sat outside Maxine Buckingham’s sumptuous Beverly Hills home. The Palace Buckinghams. They’d been in the money ever since great-great-great-granddad had built that shack for the King.

“Rich people make Hammer uncomfortable, with their airs and privileges. But poor people made him uncomfortable, too, ’cause he couldn’t trust himself to be hard with them. Money made Hammer feel just fine; that and a pretty woman. Like this Maxine Buckingham. He’d been caught right away by the contrasts in

her appearance. An upright, stiff bearing that sought respect, with curves that belied such propriety. A lovely woman’s face with big child eyes framed by sunny brown hair that shimmered in light, flowing as she moved her head with the explanation of why she had come to him. Luke Hammer had been so taken with her on that first visit that he had only barely noticed when she dropped the string of pearls on his worn, second-hand desk...”

Luke Winnow started as he realized that Roger Twillingham had parked in front of Maxine’s house and was already getting out of his car — a Mercedes, Luke noted with distaste.

Luke ducked out of sight in his VW, then, hat first, slowly raised back up to peer over the door. Although Roger was only fifteen feet away, Luke produced a pair of navy surplus binoculars and trained them on his subject. He focused in on the Adidas logo on the back of Roger’s shirt, then tilted his view upward. He heard Maxine shout “Roger!,” then heard running footsteps, and in a second Maxine’s face appeared over Twillingham’s shoulder as he lifted her in an embrace.

Maxine looked happy, her eyes squeezed shut as they hugged each other. Luke did not feel he was prying. He was pretty satisfied with the situation, giving Maxine up for the holidays. It seemed only fair, after all. He was just curious about Roger. In his binoculars Maxine opened her eyes and was suddenly looking right at him. Her facial expression went from blissful to puzzled, to surprised, to angry, to amused, all in a few seconds. Luke had seen her go through that before, when she was with him and he was saying something nasty about Chapel Hill. Now she was with Roger and she was leading him hurriedly up the driveway, pulling him, she later told Luke, so he wouldn't turn around and see the strange goggle-eyed hat peering at them from the beat-up VW. Luke never did get a good look at Roger's face.

No matter, he thought. I've seen it in enough sports sections. He had just wanted to see it in person. "Poor Maxine," he said to himself. "Marrying a big dumb jock from Chapel Hill. Graduated at the top of his business class, too. And wealthy." Luke shook his head. Even now he couldn't quite comprehend it all.

Maxie had been something of an enigma for Luke since he'd met her. That had happened at a student film festival at the school they both attended — the University of North Carolina at Greensboro — and she had been very complimentary about his short feature, "Painted Landscapes," subtitled "An Impressionistic Journey Through the Railway of Life." It had a plot, too. Luke, on the riverbank, laughed, remembering how surprised he had been that she could sound so Ivy League at a southern public school. What was even more tantalizing was that she could speak intelligently about film. She thought it was great that he omitted the denouement entirely. Maxine had told him that "she loved the suspense of being left hanging."

Luke hadn't noticed anything overt at this first encounter, he recalled.

But after a few casual run-ins in the university center snack bar, he did start to get a feeling that she was making a special effort to reach him. They became friends when he patted her on the shoulder once as he was leaving and she had touched his hand.

They slept together for the first time soon after that. It had been natural and nice, but Luke wasn't in the habit of sleeping with someone else's lover. He had known before that she was engaged to Twillingham and that hadn't stopped him, so he rationalized his weakness by figuring that she would probably leave "the poor guy" anyway. He felt worse for Roger, at the time, than Maxine seemed to.

"Well," he'd said afterwards, "how does this affect your relationship with Wonder-boy?"

"Not at all," she'd said.

"You don't seem like the cold type to me."

She hadn't said anything to that, just turned over and snuggled against him. In the morning over the burnt pancakes and espresso Luke had made, Maxine told him about Roger.

"The way I was raised is, well, the way I'm going to always live. I'd die without a pool, and tennis and money and...just...just...things! Roger's part of that. I've known him all my life, and I love him as much as I love anybody, I guess. But, well, when you've always had what you wanted, there's no excitement in anything... no romance. That's Roger again. And that's why I'm here. Roger makes me happy, but you thrill me. And for a little while, with you, I'm not the poor little rich girl that I really am. Do you understand any of that? I mean, I'll be all yours when I'm with you, but it won't last. Is that all right? Do you understand?"

Luke had just smiled. At first. It was just fine with him, he told her, because it had all the potential for tragedy and there was nothing he liked better than life imitating art.

Luke turned over on his back and thought again about their last meeting. It had been calm, warm; just a little bit sad. They were never

to see each other again. That had been the agreement. For the fun of it, he had tried to talk her into staying with him. She'd argued back, for the fun of it.

"Listen," she'd said. "I know what I want. I want a lot of things and you're not the kind of guy who can provide them. What happens when your jokes aren't funny anymore, or the stories you make up lose their charm? I'd be stuck with a broken-down old free spirit."

"Listen, Tootsie," Luke had retorted. "I'll never lose my charm or stop being funny. It's what I've got. Just like your boyfriend Twillingham was born with money and muscles. I can get those, especially the muscles. I had one once, so I know what they look like."

"You jerk. Roger's my fiance; you're my boyfriend."

They'd laughed and rolled around on the grass by the river, and sometimes they really felt free when they played hard and thought that the two of them were the only reality.

"Besides, where are you going to get money?"

"I got money. I got plenty of money. You name it, you got it. Whaddya want? A coke? I'll get you a coke. Large. Just name it."

"You jerk."

Luke laughed, remembering how much fun it had been to make her break up. It occurred to him that no matter how much she seemed to enjoy herself, or how much fun she made of Roger, or herself, or her parents, or any part of her life outside the two of them, Maxie had never said, "If I had any sense I'd marry you." She'd never even said it in fun.

Luke smelled the crushed grass as he turned over onto his stomach. He remembered her perfume and suddenly, unexpectedly realized that he was going to miss Maxine. "Oh, no," he said, and sat up, staring across the river. "Not love." Love for Maxie didn't fit the plans, so he tried to sort through what he was feeling. He felt free, and empty, and nostalgic. "Ah. Bittersweet." He sighed with relief and the pleasure of

the gentle melancholy he now recognized from two weeks before. That's what this place is always gonna be, he thought. It's still the same place, but not really. Not without Maxine. "Time is irretrievable," he said out loud, dramatically. He clutched his chest. "I can only keep the memory."

Luke plopped back down in the warm grass. Below him he could hear the water lapping at the river bank. He smiled at the sound. His smile grew as he wondered if this was like being in love. He watched the white, fluffy clouds as a high wind herded them gently to the south, and then he decided what he would do for the summer. He would chase the bittersweet feeling all season, looking up old lovers and friends, in as many of his old haunts as he could get to. "First to say good-bye to Maxine. That will be especially lovely and sad: a good-bye for now and a good-bye forever. That will be wonderful."

In an hour he was back in his apartment watching "General Hospital." Luke didn't watch too many of the other soap operas, but he was addicted to "GH." He identified with a character named Luke Spencer — a tough guy, a wise guy — who called everybody Spud. "Hiya Spud." Luke Winnow took to calling people "Spud."

His roommate, Bill Buloxi, came in from school and said "Hiya, Luke." "Hiya, Spud," Luke said.

"Oh. You got 'GH' on." Bill was addicted, too.

"Yeah. Hey. You know what I'm gonna do this summer? I'm going to chase down all my old friends and lovers. It's going to be sad and beautiful."

"Uh-huh," Bill said. His attention was on the small screen.

Luke grinned at Bill, leaned his head back, closed his eyes, and whispered "bittersweet" to the light fixture on the ceiling.

After "General Hospital" Luke left the apartment with a "See ya later, Spud" to Bill. He drove to Maxine's house and then past because there

were almost a dozen cars parked in front of it. He turned around and went by again, looking for Twillingham's Mercedes, found it, and made an obscene gesture at it.

Even if there had been no cars, Luke wouldn't have felt he could have just walked up to the front door and asked for Maxie. They'd never met at her house and, besides, they had an understanding. It was over. So he went to a nearby drugstore and called her. He had a plan. If a man answered he would hang up. If a woman answered he'd sing a special song as a signal. Maxie would know who it was.

The phone rang three times.

"Hello?" It sounded like Maxie but he couldn't be sure. Luke started singing. "Angels we have heard on high, sweetly singing o'er the..." click.

Since that hadn't worked Luke decided on another tactic and called back.

"Hello-o." That same woman's voice again, guarded this time. There was the sound of merriment in the background.

"Hello!" Luke said in a falsetto, trying to sound as much like a girl as possible. "Is Maxine there? This is a friend of hers from school."

"You didn't have anything to do with a phone call here just a few moments ago, did you?" Luke figured this had to be Maxine's mother. Her voice was as prim and proper as Maxie's had once seemed to him.

"No, ma'am," Luke replied, voice cracking a little.

"Well, all right. I'll get Maxine. Who should I say is calling?"

"Dropsie." It was the cleanest cut, most "mater-soothing," all-American name he could think of on a few seconds notice. He knew it had something to do with sororities and rabbits.

Then he was talking to Maxie.

"What are you doing calling me here, right now?" Maxine demanded of him in a hoarse whisper.

"I'm going away," Luke said in his own voice.

"I don't give a damn." She was still whispering. "I can't stay on."

"Call me later," Luke whispered, getting into the conspiratorial feel of the conversation.

"I can't."

"Call me. Yes, you can." he whispered.

"All right, you jerk." Then Maxine giggled. She said, loud enough for anyone listening on her end to hear, "All right, Dropsie. See you later."

"Bye, Spudette," Luke said.

His phone rang about eight o'clock that night. Luke whacked the handset out of its cradle with one hand and grabbed for it with the other, whispering "Smooth move," but he missed it and the handset banged to the floor. He grinned, as pleased with himself for missing it as he would have been if he'd caught it.

He picked up the receiver and said, "Yo, I dropped the phone," into it.

"All right. What's the big idea of calling me..." Maxine started.

"I'm going away on a journey from which I may never come back."

"So?"

"So I could die. Could die real bad. No one has ever sought the ancient space buffalo burial ground and lived. I need to see you once more, oh Princess of Gold..."

Luke went on, Maxine giggled helplessly and then agreed to meet him by the river in a half hour.

Riding over Luke felt the cold chill of serious thought creeping over him. He started thinking of what he might say to Maxine. This was unusual because he never thought that far ahead. Then he started wondering what he was doing this for, something else out of the ordinary. He was not in the habit of second-guessing his actions or seriously considering that he had motives like anybody else. "Knock it off," he told himself.

Then he was on the road above their meeting place. He parked and walked down to the river. The night was overcast and warm. A breeze blew off the water, rustling leaves and dancing around Luke. He was excited, and sure there was something magical about the night. He felt better than he had in the car

where his thoughts had seemed to be crowding in on him. He was out in the magic now.

Headlights flashed his shadow on the far bank. He turned and watched Maxine park her car, step out and come down to him.

"You're a jerk," she said, and smiled. Luke could barely make the smile out in the darkness. Her perfume smelled like flowers and then a car passed on the road above, its headlights touching Maxie's hair briefly with a brilliant white fire. Luke said "I love you," and only realized that he'd said it after the fact. He put his hands on Maxie's waist and leaned over and kissed her on the mouth. Then he pulled closer without breaking the kiss. She put her arms around his neck.

Maxine was a little stunned when they broke the kiss. She sat down. He joined her and they held hands and were quiet. After a few minutes she said, "How can you be in love with anybody?"

"I'm a victim," Luke explained. "Huh?"

"Yeah. Sorcery. Remember the deal? We weren't going to fall in love? Well, just tonight, just now...No. Maybe it started this afternoon..."

"What!?"

"I was out here this afternoon, thinking about you...I don't understand...I was sure it was nostalgia..."

"What are you talking about?"

"I don't know," Luke said. "Do you love me? Listen to what I'm asking. I'd better leave town tonight."

Luke fell silent and picked at the grass. Maxine studied him. It was a few moments before she spoke.

"I don't know if I love you or not. Life was really simple before I met you. Remember all those things that were so important to me? The money, the cars, the tennis courts...I don't...I don't appreciate them anymore, at least not in the same way. I don't appreciate Roger the way I used to...either. Do I love you. I was glad you called. But it was scary. I feel like I don't fit anymore, and talking to

you made it worse. It wasn't supposed to end like this."

"It sure wasn't," an angry voice said behind them. They froze. Their eyes met and they both said later that they felt like they stood up in slow motion to turn and face Roger.

Maxine looked down at the ground. "How did you find us?" she asked flatly, academically.

"You drove off as I drove up to your house. I followed you. What is this all about?"

Luke was sizing Roger up, watching him clench and unclench his big hands. He also sized up Roger's big friend, then decided he would go out in style. Someone had shown him a karate chop once but Luke did not think it would be enough of an edge with these two. Better introduce myself, confuse them, buy time, he thought.

"Twillingham, old Spud! Deuces, it's bully good to meet you. Aces. Three of a kind. 'Ere now. Don't slap my hand away. You've got it all wrong. Name's Nottingham. Earl Nottingham. English exchange student. Your fiancée has been helping me with the language. Heard much about you bloody good..." Roger wasn't buying, Luke could see. The big dark shape of him was trembling with anger and the air was hot, heavy suddenly, and still, and Luke knew that one of those clenched fists would be coming for his head any minute...Go for the laughs, confuse, strike, escape..."Who's your friend, here Twillingham? Is this Birmingham? Birmingham, I'm Nottingham," Luke said, and then he kicked Roger in the groin. As Roger crumbled his friend moved in. Luke threw his karate chop but it bounced off his adversary's forearm. A round-house right smashed into Luke's head and he went down, dazed. Roger struggled to his feet and, through clenched teeth, directed his friend to pick Luke up and hold him. His ears ringing, Luke tried to shake the blur out of his vision as he watched Roger gather himself for a murderous blow. Luke lashed out desperately with his foot and again caught Roger in the groin. Again he went down. Roger's

friend spun Luke around and hit him hard in the face. Maxine started screaming. Luke did not get back up again until Roger's friend, frightened by Maxine's vocal reaction, had picked up his buddy and carried him off. Then she helped Luke over to the road. He sat on the edge of the pavement until the ringing stopped.

As they drove to his place in Maxie's car he turned on the inside light and studied himself in the rearview mirror.

"Geez. I'm getting a black eye. I never had one of these before."

He grinned at Maxine to show her that everything was all right, at least with him, but in the weak light he saw tears running down her face. She stared straight ahead and sniffed. He reached back and turned the light off. The rest of the ride passed in silence, except for an occasional sniff from Maxine.

When they arrived Maxine threw her pocketbook on a chair, put her hands on her hips, lifted her head and looked at the light fixture on the ceiling. She sighed softly. Luke stood a few feet behind. He reached out with the idea of comforting her but she was too far away. He let his hand drop.

"Hey, muchacha," he said.

"Twillingham's gone, finito, right?"

She nodded.

"You still got me but that's not the ticket either, check?"

She nodded slowly.

Luke nodded back. "Yeah, well..." he started gently. "I'm sorry."

"Me too," came out as a whisper. Luke walked over to Maxine, took her hand, and led her to the couch. He sat her down, turned the TV on, and went after a bottle of wine. In the kitchen pulling on the cork, Luke caught his reflection in the window. He found it hard to look but forced himself. He stopped fooling around with the wine and moved to the window. "You really stepped out of line tonight, Jack." Then he breathed on the pane of glass, grabbed two wine glasses and with the still-corked bottle in his hand strode out of the kitchen. "When the mist clears," he thought, "I'll be gone."





Man to Man

A man falls in love with his wife just twice--
once before he marries her,
once when she is dead.
The years in between
he draws in the dirt with his fingers--
 measuring distances to the stars,
 counting his herds,
 constructing by lantern-light his sullen verse.

I was at the window last night
with a scotch-and-soda,
and I noticed you outside
hovering over the ground,
making marks
which you rubbed out
just before dawn.

Tonight, from the dark
of communion,
I am inscribing accounts
of both of our lives
on the bare back
of someone you knew.

Mark Wallace



Somniloquy
For My Father

When I move
moonlight
ripples bones twisted
like
waves churned black
stars piercing wafer
tombstones
mirror gaunt green
edges of my skull

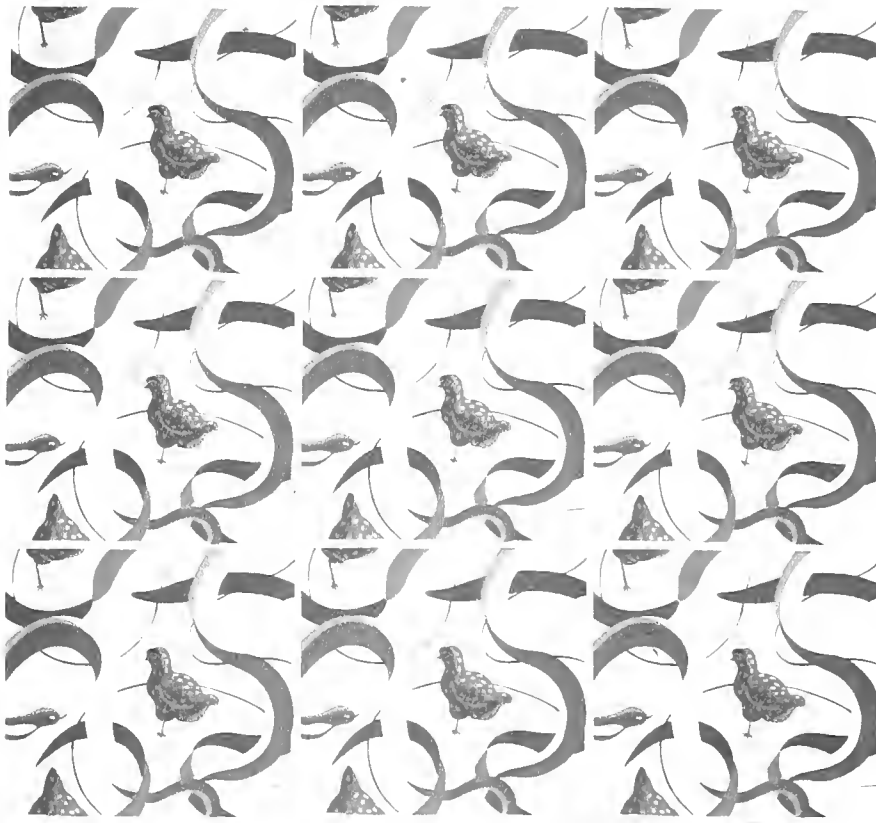
When I crouch
in
my gathered darkness
winds
converge skeleton weeds
into
my white-washed
eyes

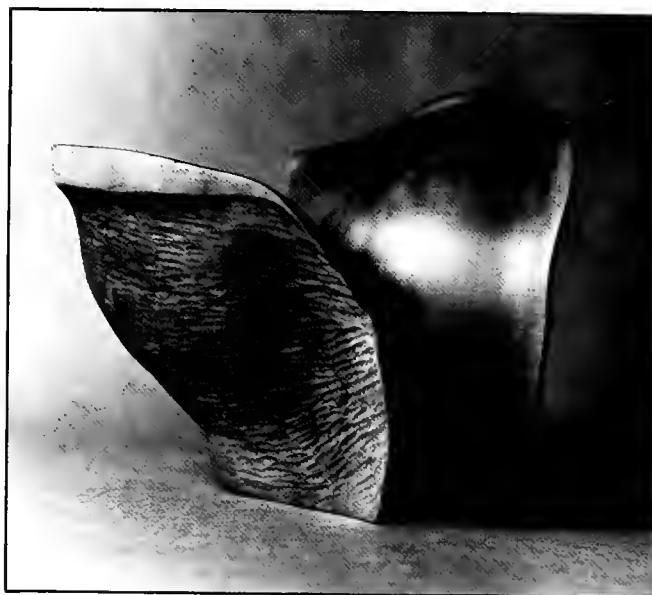
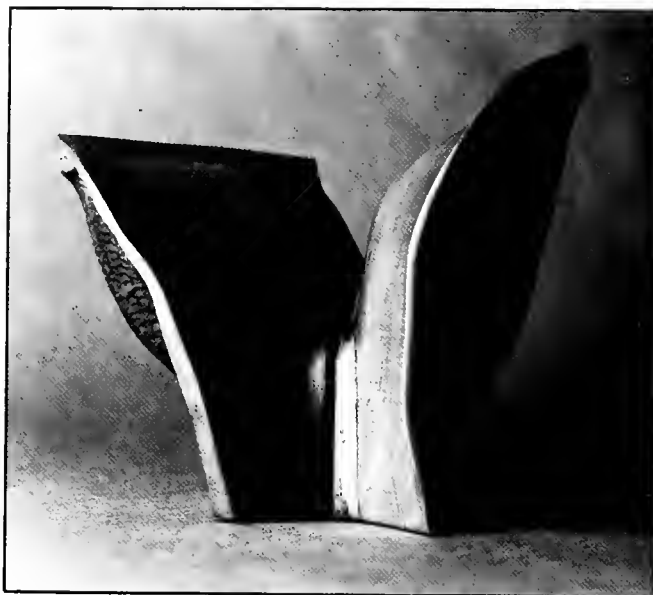
When I awake
she
stares like memories
she bristles the reared
towers
of her flesh

John Riley









KIRYU

Brian Welborn

Once in a land, far to the East, where the sky was blue as crystal and the mountains looked like stairways to the clouds, there was a small village that lay quietly nestled in the forest. It was the village of Nashima, the home of Nakasi.

The people of the village had the greatest respect for Nakasi because he was a heroic warrior and fought many times for his people. A master of Kendo,¹ he could use his katana² with a skill far greater than anyone else in the land. Wherever he walked, the people parted and bowed respectfully. As fierce as a hurricane in the heat of battle, he was as gentle as a lamb with the people of his village. He would walk with the children and tell them stories, and care for the animals of the forest. He was a man of exceptional skill and character.

Once he fought off an attack of ten ronin³ by himself. He had killed five of them before they could react and sent the other five running into the woods. He was the master, but he was growing old. He knew that in a few years his eyesight would fade and his reflexes slow. He must find someone that he could teach his art to so that a part of him could live even after his body had died.

He called all of the young males of the village together that were between twelve and fourteen years

old. He sat them down at his front door and told them to wait. There were ten boys; he could pick only two. Time would determine the two. As time went by, two of the boys got up in boredom and left. Later two more got restless and started playing, upon which Nakasi asked them to leave. Two more complained of hunger, and they too were asked to leave. Of the last four, two fell asleep and were taken back to their homes. The last two sat with backs straight and eyes looking ahead. "These two," thought Nakasi, "will be my chosen ones."

The two boys went with Nakasi into the mountains leaving behind their families and friends and starting a long hard journey to manhood. The boys were full of questions and astonishment about everything. They were eager to learn. This pleased Nakasi. He realized they were still boys, so the first two years were spent in a relaxed learning environment. Nakasi tried to answer all of the questions their young minds could think of. They learned many things even though they did not realize it at the time because they were still too young.

They grew older and became more mature. Their love grew as that

between brothers, for in a special way, they were brothers. They learned together, laughed together, cried together, worked together and became better together. Their bodies started to change; they became more conscious and aware of things about them. Nakasi knew it was now time for their true teaching to begin.

Their days were full of hard work and practice. They would work on their techniques for hours until they dropped from exhaustion. Their hands would blister and bleed from holding the katana, but their spirit was strong. Physically, they became exceptionally strong and agile. They could move with the grace and speed of a cat, yet they were strong as the water buffalo. They would run long distances and practice long into the night. Nakasi was pleased.

The two young men grew in mind as well as body. They learned how to walk as quietly as a butterfly flies and to climb like the spider monkeys of the jungle. They learned to read signs of nature and to communicate with the animals of the forest. They learned manners and respect, how to be polite, and how to be understanding. All of these things were important; Nakasi taught them well. The two little boys were fast becoming men.

Yama was the stronger of the two. He could run farther and strike

¹ Kendo—the art of fighting with a sword.

² katana—a long, killing sword used by the Samurai.

³ ronin—criminals, robbers.

harder, but Jun was quicker. He had the speed of a gazelle. They continued their practice; Yama always wanting to be faster, Jun always wanting to be stronger.

As the seasons changed, so did Yama and Jun. Every day as the setting sun went down behind the mountains, the two were a little stronger and wiser than before. Their practice became more and more a part of them, and they became more and more a part of it. The two were becoming as one.

The years had passed, and their teaching was nearing an end. Nakasi knew that their final test was fast approaching. It was a day that he had long awaited, yet dreaded at the same time.

As the time grew near for their final test, the two brothers grew far apart. After the sun had set on the

night before their test, Nakasi and the brothers had one last meal together. There was a droning silence and an intense feeling in the air. For ten years they had lived and grown together, but with the rising of the sun it would be no more.

The sun rose over the mountain and the two brothers were silhouetted against the sky. They stood facing each other, watching, waiting. With the first song of the first bird they began. With skill and perfection, they drew their katanas. Jun struck first but Yama blocked the blow and countered with a thrust to Jun's chest. Jun stepped aside and blocked downward. They squared off again. This time Jun struck three times in quick succession, but Yama blocked the attack and the two still stood. Their skill and ability were so well perfected that neither could gain the upper hand. They fought long and

hard, but neither could best the other. Their lungs gasped for air and their bodies ached from stress, but their spirits were strong. Finally they stopped, looking intently into the eyes of the other, each seeing nothing, feeling nothing, showing nothing, but being everything. For one moment, they were totally ONE, a unison, a bond that could not be broken. . . . The clash of their great swords rode on the wind.

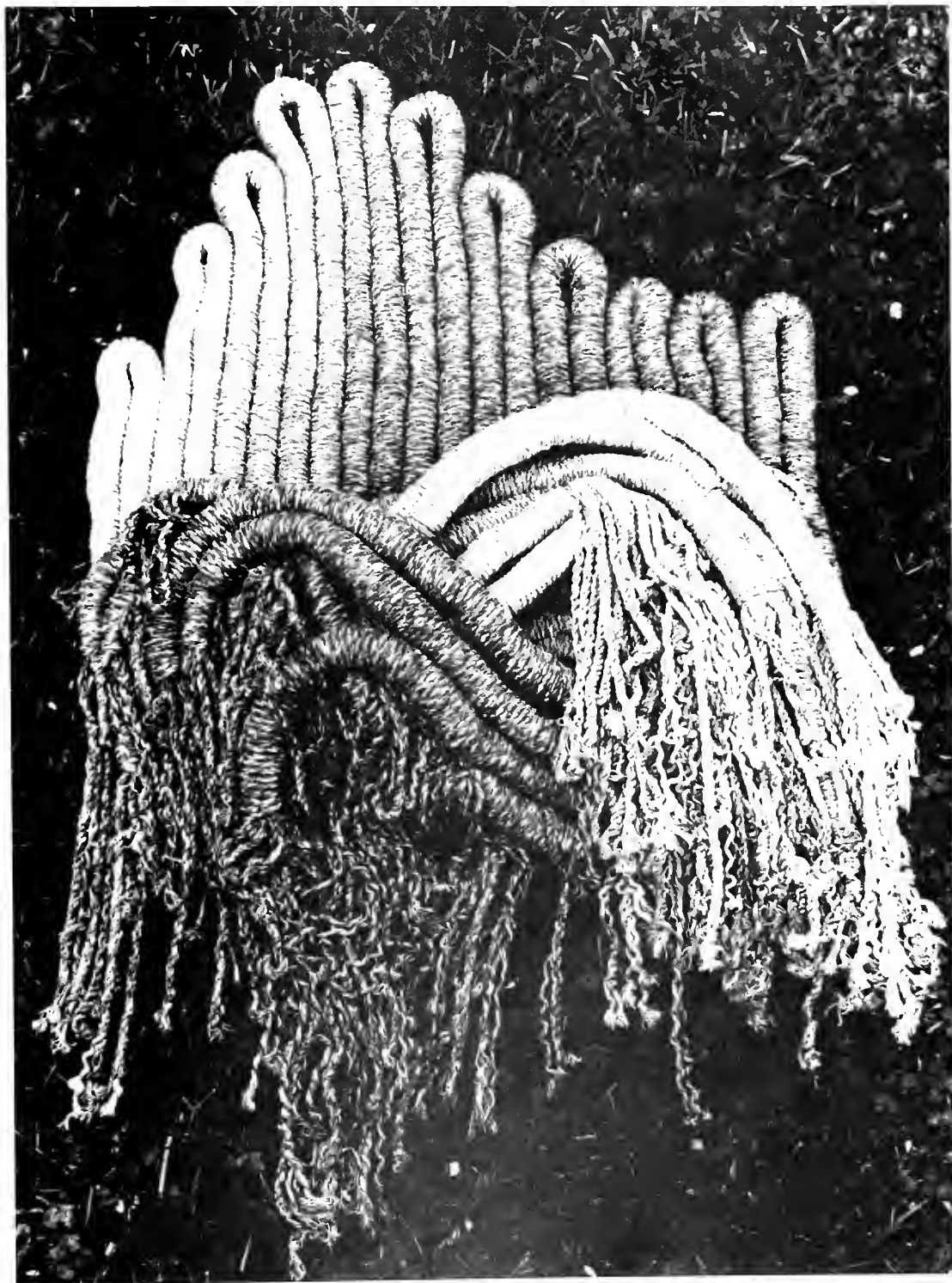
Neither of the two brothers ever came down from the mountain. Legend has it that they both struck a fatal blow to the other and died together just as they had lived together. But on cool summer mornings when the sun rises over the mountain and the wind blows down, the old people say that Yama and Jun are fighting once more and that the wind is caused by the great slashes made by their swords.

opals roll off string

milk beads on silver whiskers

a gentle cat licks

Beth Pollock



Casting the I Ching

A wet Sunday. The hissing of drizzle
masked by din of whirling machines
separates occupants in cocoons of silence.
The tabletop glares mean in bare fluorescence
and beneath the signs (Washing Rugs Will Cause
Unbalanced Load) she places the thick gray book,
and rolls three quarters in her palm
so that they will come to know her.

Somewhere along the dull straight line
that connects day to day
are hidden loops where,
forfeiting surety of gravity,
plumb lines hang askew;
where reason's put to rest
and all tomorrows gather on haunches like a cat
prepared to pounce headlong
or turn midair to catch its tail.

The quarters fall and spell a hexagram;
 The Abysmal. One should strive to attain
 small things only.
Those same quarters in the dryer,
with colors tumbling in a pattern,
create imponderable order.

Janet Krigbaum



Notification of Rumor

We regret the necessity
of this correspondence.
However, it is our obligation
to inform you that someone
has started a rumor.
They lisped when we heard them
so apparently your close proximity
to your buddy is a topic of suspicion.
Even if it isn't true—it is:
so we have sent out duplicates
to dispense with the need
for explanation of future distance
this situation may or may not cause.

Kevin McGuire



Jill Shuford *Self-Portrait with Hats*

Words and Time

Quietly the rain falls in my mind,
Giving life to memories of old times.
Each raindrop echoes softly his words of love
falling, oh falling through time.
His words are good as gold that isn't mine.

It was September when the sky was bluer than before.
All the stars were just within my reach.
We shuffled through the leaves that matched the colors
of our love,
and laughed with the children playing across the street.
And quietly the rain falls in my mind...

In those early autumn evenings
we tasted wine.
Warm love took us in and gave our hearts a home.
It was more comforting than even my grandma's arms,
a springtime shower, or a song.

And quietly the rain falls in my mind.
Giving life to memories of old times.
Each raindrop echoes softly his words of love
falling,
 oh falling,
 through time...

Lynn Granger



Losses

for G.S.

(because there was not time enough)

On weathered granite,
as the laments of Daedalus, abandoned,
beckon in the wind, stirring the willow branches
beneath obscure stretches of the sky, at twilight,
heavy with the gray of clouds,
my fingers rest, stiff against the grain.
From the lawn, fresh mown and wet, the crickets answer.
The willows pale to silver in the light of stars.
Scanning the sky, I see no bits of bone or feather
tracing the horizon; no half-beast
fluttering above the ghosts of willow branches.
The clouds roll slowly, taking on the shape
of complicated mazes,
a brilliant gray against the black of sky
and echoing these rows of stone.

My fingers trace carved granite.
The stars grow ripe,
the willows shift inside this labyrinth,
this labyrinth from which there is no escape,
no flight, only letting go. I count
the untouched stars and call them souls:
What better way to measure losses?

Gene Hayworth

Art

Sallie Bo Andrews is currently living in New York and modeling for Robert De Niro, Sr.

Beth Bolling is a senior at UNC-G, seeking a BFA in design with a concentration in fibers. This is her second appearance in *Coraddi*.

Mary Gay Brady is a senior at UNC-G seeking a BFA in design with a concentration in photography. She has been previously published in *Coraddi*.

Bill Cartwright is a sculptor.

Melanie Cole is graduating with a concentration in sculpture in July. She hopes to go to Syracuse to continue her studies in August.

Randy Craven is a senior art major from Asheboro.

Kathleen D'Angelo is a junior English major from Philadelphia currently living in the Residential College.

Dawne Desourdy is a graduating senior, and a Spencer Love scholarship recipient. Her concentration is in studio art.

Herbert Gambill, Jr., a graduating Broadcast/Cinema major, would like to acknowledge A. Doren's indispensable support and enthusiasm.

John Hilston is a senior art education major who was born in Lynwood, California.

Shella Hunter is a senior majoring in art with a concentration in painting and printmaking.

Frances Ochs Jochum is a special graduate student who hopes to qualify for entrance into the MFA program next fall.

Mary Lou Meness is a senior English major who will graduate in December. This is her first publication in *Coraddi*.

Soni Martin is a graduate student from Fayetteville and a previous contest winner in the *Coraddi*.

Stan McCulloch is a senior BFA with a concentration in painting. He is a former illustrator for *Coraddi*.

Jordan Montgomery is a junior majoring in Art/Design with a concentration in photography. He has studied under and is grateful to A. Doren.

Susan Mullis is a junior seeking a BFA in design with a concentration in photography. This is her first publication in *Coraddi*.

Linda Reynolds is a senior at UNC-G who plans to continue her studies at UNC-G to work for her MFA.

Jill Shuford plans to graduate in the fall with an MFA in painting. She is a previous contest winner in the *Coraddi*.

Literary

Victoria Bosch is a senior English major and a *Coraddi* staff member. She has been previously published in *Coraddi*.

William L. Campbell is a junior or senior majoring in Broadcasting/Cinema. This is the first publication of his work anywhere. Originally from New York, he has been working in radio for four years, and, thanks to his wife, is expecting his first child in June. A good year all-around.

K.A. Fuqua is a senior with a double major in English and Political Science. This is his first *Coraddi* publication.

Joe Galner is an MFA candidate in creative writing. Over the past three years, he has lived in Maryland, Massachusetts, Missouri and West Virginia.

Lisa Goldman is a junior psychology major and a *Coraddi* staff member. She has been published in *The Writing On The Wall*.

Lynn Granger is a senior in Dance Education who enjoys creating products of her imagination no matter what the medium.

Gene Hayworth is a graduating senior with a major in English who will probably never be heard from again. "That is the sole purpose of the poet."

Janet Krigbaum is an MBA candidate at UNC-G. She has been published in *More Than Magnolias*, *The Writer's Choice* and was awarded a prize from the 1981 North Carolina Poetry Society.

Kevin McGuire is a sophomore English major from Greensboro. He is a friend of Venus de Possum.

Donna S. Murphy is a graduate student seeking an MBA in finance. This is her first publication in *Coraddi*.

Catherine Nayder is a senior English major. She is married, has two cats and is appearing for the first time in *Coraddi*.

Bruce Plephoff is a graduating senior who plays his music in the Greensboro area. He has been previously published in *Coraddi*.

Beth Pollock is a junior English major who was published in the *1981 Coraddi Poetry Special Edition*. She has recently taken up writing fiction.

John Riley is a junior English major who has returned to UNC-G.

Mark Wallace is finishing his MFA degree and has enjoyed it very much.

Brian Welborn is a sophomore majoring in Business Administration who enjoys writing for fun. This is his first short story publication.

